

T H E
Unconstant SHEPHERD:

O R, T H E
Forsaken Lads's Lamentation.

To an Excellent new Tune.

Licens'd according to Order.



O h, how can I be merry or glad,
or in my mind contented be ;
When the bonny bonny Lad whom I love best,
is banish'd out of my Company ?
Tho' he was banish'd it was for my sake,
and his true Love I still remain ;
He has caus'd me many a night for to wake,
and adieu to my true Love once again.
I dare not come where my Love is,
I dare not for to sport nor play,

For their evil evil tongues they are so glib,
I must take a kiss and go my way.
Kissing is but a silly fancy,
it brings true Lovers into sin ;
O that I were, and I wish that I were,
for to see my true Love once again.
As I was a walking through the Hall,
I spy'd the twinkling of my Love's eyes ;
O that I were, and I wish that I were
in the Chamber where my true Love lies.



Away fond Fool, call home thy heart,
and in thy mind contented be ;
For thou spend'st thy time, and gets no gain,
by loving a Lover that loves not thee.

If I do spend my time in vain,
oh, it is no loss to none but me ;
I'll set it as light as the wavering wind,
that daily blows from tree to tree.

My Lover so libely, tall and young,
I had not the power to say him nay ;
The words of his false deluding tongue,
did suddenly steal my heart away.

In desarts I'll wander for his sake,
for here I no peace nor joy can find ;
My innocent heart I fear it will break,
because he has proved so unkind.

I cannot forget the pleasing charms,
which every day he did renew ;
When as I lay clasped in his arms ;
but now I must bid them all adieu.

I did the delights of Love allow,
and croaked his locks of curled hair ;
Then is he not most ungrateful now,
to leave in grief and deep despair ?

Some other young Nymph enjoys my Swain,
the which does indeed my glory blast ;
Yet tho' he should kill me with disdain,
I'll love him as long as life shall last.

I languish and have not long to breathe,
therefore I'll write my last farewell :
To Phaon I here my heart bequeath ;
with whom I did once in pleasure dwell.

Unto the Elysium Shades I'll go,
where hovering Spirits do remain ;
Repeating their killing griefs and woe,
who by their hard-hearted Lovers was slain.

Of my little Lambs I take my leave,
and every Creature in the Globe ;
Young Phaon he won't my Life relieve,
therefore, alas ! I die for love.